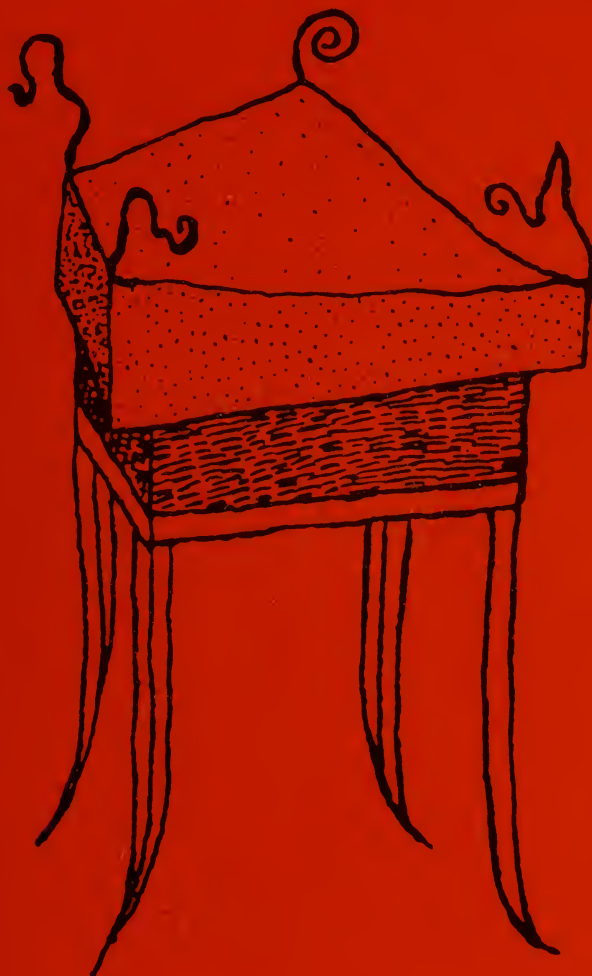


THE ORANGE BOOK



THE BENT HUMOUR OF
CRAD KILODNEY

THE ORANGE BOOK

CRAD KILODNEY

Crad Kilodney

CHARNEL HOUSE

Toronto, Canada

Also by Crad Kilodney

Mental Cases (Lowlands Review, 1978)
World Under Anaesthesia (Charnel House, 1979)
Gainfully Employed In Limbo (Charnel House, 1980)
Lightning Struck My Dick (Virgo Press, 1980)
Human Secrets -- Book One (Charnel House, 1981)
Human Secrets -- Book Two (Charnel House, 1982)
Sex Slaves of the Astro-Mutants (Charnel House, 1982)
Terminal Ward (*Human Secrets -- Book Three*) (Charnel House, 1983)
Pork College (Coach House Press, 1984)
Bang Heads Here, Suffering Bastards (Charnel House, 1984)

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Mēns sāna in
corpore sānō

THE CIRCUMCISION RITES OF THE TORONTO STOCK EXCHANGE

Among the many secret rituals that take place within the Toronto Stock Exchange, none is more complex or mysterious than the ritual of circumcision. Outside of the financial district, few persons are even aware that such a ritual exists. Only a very few learned men have been privileged to observe and document it.

It is not until the apprentice or novice on the floor of the T.S.E. becomes circumcised that he is entitled to call himself a trader in full standing (*moran*) and enjoy full freedom of action, a freedom which he uses especially for erotic purposes. Uncircumcised, he cannot marry; the same is true for young females of a brokerage house working within the Exchange. It is only through circumcision that the brokerage house acknowledges them to be sexually mature adults. Therefore, nothing is more desired by both sexes. The young male novice (*layoni*) becomes a man (*moran*); the girl (*kyepta*) becomes a woman (*osotya*).

Despite the universality of circumcision among all brokerage houses, the reason for it is obscure. If one asks a partner of the firm about it, he merely says, "*Zamani!*" which means "since ancient times." In answer to my question on the circumcision of females, a senior partner of Hector M. Chisholm said to me, "We don't want anything hanging like that in the front of our women!" And he made a disdainful gesture with his little finger, signifying the clitoris.

But it seems to me that the fundamental reason for circumcision among young men is to make the act of intercourse easier. And of secondary significance is the period of convalescence following the operation, when the youth can be initiated into the mysteries of the stock market.

Among girls, the reason may be that of removing the erogenous zone, thereby ensuring that they will be perpetually unsatisfied and therefore more fit for the fast track of Exchange life.

The circumcision rites are conducted secretly approximately every four years and, in the case of both males and

females, before their 26th birthday. The candidates then convene for that solemn act, which is undertaken as a group, but on different days for males and females.

There is much dancing the evening before the circumcision of the males. The *layoni* appear in colorful leisure suits. They have had their hair styled and their facial hair shaved. They dance, leap and hop until they are exhausted.

Very early the next morning the male candidates appear in pompous dress -- grey three-piece suits and grey or black ties. They have just returned from the lake, where the circumcisor (*materyot*) sent them to bathe before sunrise. "*Lapat iun*" ("Go wash it"), he has said to them. Now they return to the Exchange, where circumcision always takes place. No uncircumcised male, no female, and no animal may be present. The *morans*, *boyot* (old men or senior partners), and those to be circumcised gather around the "burning pyre," represented by any small, smokeless flame, such as a can of Sterno. Now a senior partner approaches. He questions each novice as to whether he has ever had sexual intercourse with a circumcised woman (the uncircumcised do not count). Then the poor fellow must confess. He must look into the face of the electronic ticker tape, his god. Great suspense predominates. The excited *morans* listen to this confession because there is always the possibility that one of them will publicly learn that he has been cuckolded. The candidate for circumcision behaves quite ungallantly, without pangs of conscience over the woman he seduced. If he likes her, he says something like, "I took her to a drive-in and did it in the back seat." But if he is indifferent to her, he says something like, "I went to a party, and she called me to her, although I did not want to at all." It is understandable why wives or girlfriends of the *morans*, or any other females in the Exchange, even those that prostitute themselves, have nothing to do with *layoni* in the face of such a scandal.

An iron staff, the *medyeuta*, resembling a chisel, has been glowing in the fire. On a bench a veteran trader or a partner of the firm mixes crushed chalk with milk, which is then rubbed onto the head of the candidate, who crouches on the floor. Now comes the *materyot* with his assistant, a junior partner. They seize the drawn-out foreskin; the one

holds it fast, the other takes the glowing iron and passes it around the foreskin till it falls off, charred. The assistant throws it away while the master applies fat from the udder of a cow to the wound. During the whole operation the candidate must not cry out, or it would cost him his career. His salary would be permanently frozen at the entry level, and he would henceforth be the object of ridicule.

Now all the newly-circumcised (*tarusyot*) withdraw into the *mendjet*, a small, sparsely furnished room, to sing the Circumcision Song:

ya...ya...pa-ku-le-ro ma
o le ree ya
ya pa-ku-le-ro ma o le ree
o ye a ye...ya
ya guangue ya...ya guangua

The *mendjet* becomes the abode of the circumcised for several weeks. A courier brings them their food: soft drinks, donuts, and fried chicken. In the meantime, their wounds heal.

The *materyot* remains with them. He initiates them into all the mysteries of Business and how to survive in a jungle of wolves and snakes.

After his convalescence, the *tarusyot* finally leaves the *mendjet*. Many questions must now be put to him. He is taken to the lake. One of the *morans* will ask, "What is a put?" "An option to sell," is the answer. "Indeed, how he knows," say his rejoicing friends. (Another possible question might be: "What resembles the sound of the vagina during coitus?" But this has not been asked in recent years.) Now he goes into the water, where the *morans* purify him with cow urine, examine his healed organ, and depart. He follows them back to the Exchange, where there is dancing and merriment. He is now wearing his "badge of manhood," which he will wear henceforth at all times. Women gather around and ask joyously, "Where is the trader of So-and-so?" naming his brokerage firm. He is pointed out to them.

At nightfall the ceremony may be continued in a private club or hotel suite at the discretion of each brokerage firm, although some celebrants may remain at the Exchange

overnight, drinking and carousing.

The next morning the new *morán* is a free man and has the day off. He goes to the "old men's house," the private club of the senior partners, or a hotel suite hired to serve the same purpose. If he has no sweetheart, a girl is sent to him -- usually a typist or file clerk. She utters the standard greeting, "I have come to give you my vagina."

The next day his best friend visits him at home, and he (the *tarusyot*) slaughters a goat for him. The day after that, the friend returns the favor by slaughtering a goat for him. They eat. The goats' stomachs are given to his mother.

The Toronto Stock Exchange is the only exchange in North America where circumcision is still accomplished by burning; everywhere else the knife is used for this purpose.

The circumcision of the girls (*kyeptas*) is an equally complex ritual. Those to be circumcised are obliged to have their hair styled, buy new clothes, and wear numerous plastic accessories. But the ornamentation is not yet complete. Each female candidate will be given the traditional thigh bells, or *kurkuriet*. These massive iron bells, six inches long, resemble half-open pods, within which several iron peas may be seen. The *kurkuriet* are attached to the thigh with a strap -- preferably three on each leg. The more bells, the louder the noise made by the rhythmic shaking and stamping.

There is wild dancing on the floor of the Exchange the night before the circumcision of the girls. Both men and women appear in their most magnificent costumes. The men may appear in the traditional calf-skin (*goysit*) covering the buttocks, and the high baboon-skin cap. The women may wear huge earrings and a profusion of plastic bracelets; they anoint their faces with oil, so that the color of their make-up runs down their faces.

Late that night, each female candidate must be prepared for the circumcision to take place the next morning. An old woman, usually an executive secretary or sometimes the wife of the Chairman, brings the stinging nettles (*siwot*) of the species *Girardinia condensata*. The girl sits on a stool and spreads her legs; her genitalia are examined. If it is found that she is a virgin, she is kissed by the women. All are happy. Indeed, her immediate superior even has a cow

slaughtered when he hears the good news! The nettles are now applied to the clitoris. It burns terribly, but the girl bears the pain with unbelievable patience. The clitoris swells and becomes large.

Early in the morning, an experienced woman, the female *materyot*, approaches the girl, who is crouching on the floor with her legs outspread. In a small grill over the fire is a glowing coal. The *materyot* places the coal on a spoon-like instrument and applies it to the swollen clitoris, which gradually chars. The girl endures this pain without a moan, for her thoughts are of the fast track and the sexual liberties she may take to advance her position. Her closest girlfriends now fetch garlands of dollar bills and hang them around her neck. Then the girl retires to begin a sick leave of four weeks. She is now called *tarusyot*, the newly-circumcised. But the guests dance on, all day long, singing their own circumcision song, "*Eyo leyo leyo la*," and stamping their feet madly.

During her period of seclusion in the home of a girlfriend or older woman, the *tarusyot* will be attended by her girlfriends. She must wear a tight leather dress (*nyargit*) and a large three-cornered cowl (*soynet*), which covers her entire head and which has two peep holes. No man may look at her at this time. As in the case of the young men, the girl receives instruction by her *materyot* in the secrets of Business and Sex.

When her wound is healed, a concluding feast is then given, which is celebrated very ceremoniously by the women employees of the brokerage firm and the Exchange. The highlight of this ceremony is the entrance of the lion, which has been brought into the Exchange by several older women. A jug of beer is offered to the lion. The old women stroke it to make it tame. All this time, the newly-circumcised girls have been kept in a dark room. The lion is brought into the room and begins to growl, causing the girls great fright. Now they must eat all the insects off the lion and sip his urine from the floor. Then the old women lead the lion out.

The circumcised girls believe in the authenticity of the lion with full seriousness. When I tried to hint politely that the "lion" was merely an Exchange official wearing a costume, the *tarusyots* almost wept because of the

"dirty lie" I was telling about their grand experience. Consequently, I had to desist from further explanations.

The ritual is concluded by the giving of money and shares of stock to the *tarusyots* by the old men of the brokerage firms. Beer has been brought in, and now both men and women participate in the picturesque Beer Dance. Pressed close to each other, the married women from the various firms move in a circle, beating the leather parts of their clothing and thus giving a clapping accompaniment to their song. The dance is concluded by the *tarusyots*, who, in honor of the occasion, have painted themselves heavily with make-up.

Despite the pain that they have endured, both young men and women will always remember their day of circumcision as a sublime event and a joyous occasion.

From time to time, legal and medical authorities have attempted to put a stop to the circumcision rites of the Toronto Stock Exchange, but the combined power of the brokerage firms and the deep sense of tradition that pervades Exchange life make it unlikely that these attempts will ever succeed.

There can be no doubt that these rites, which may seem "barbaric" to the layman who is unconnected to the business world, serve an important social purpose and contribute to the stability and orderliness that one notices everywhere as one walks through the peaceful, shady valleys of the financial district.

OBLIGATORY TIT TIME

It was a bright day in late spring in the twenty-first century as Oscar and his friend Ettie walked along the sidewalk of a city which, we may choose to believe, was far more tranquil, clean and well-ordered than the ones we know today.

"Every species of animal, bird, and reptile that we have in the world today inhabited the Garden," said Oscar. "No doubt, many of the animals ate grass and herbs. The rest depended on the fruit of trees for their food. So you see, the Garden must have contained a great number of trees. I wouldn't even make a guess at how many."

"Did Adam have a job while in the Garden?" Ettie asked.

"Yes, indeed, Ettie. Adam had a heavy job on his hands. He had to keep the Garden under control and looking pretty. Everything grew so fast that if he didn't keep it under control the Garden would soon be an impenetrable jungle."

"But where did Adam get his saws, axes, pruning shears, shovels, hoes, and other tools that he would need to do the job?" Ettie asked.

"Ah, Ettie, those tools would have been of little value to Adam. When he wanted a limb cut off, a half-dozen rats could quickly gnaw it off. When he wanted a tree pulled up, he engaged an elephant for the job. Moles and gophers would be glad to do his plowing for him. Horses make good lawn mowers. Cows, sheep, goats, and so on were needed to keep down vegetation. Apes could be useful for a great many jobs requiring hands. Beavers could cut down trees. No doubt, every animal had a useful kind of work it could do."

"Wasn't the increase in animal life quite a problem to Adam?"

"Ettie, things were different in the Garden from what they are in our world today. The only logical conclusion is that there was no increase in animal life in the Garden. Adam and Eve were not subject to death, so obviously the animals were not either. In the Garden, increase and death pertained only to vegetable life. If rabbits, cats, mice,

rats, dogs, and so on had increased in the Garden as they do today, in the one hundred years that Adam and Eve lived there, yes, long before the hundred years were up, the Garden would have been sadly overrun by these creatures."

Suddenly, the sound of an air raid siren pierced the air. But neither Oscar nor Ettie nor anyone else on the street showed any sign of alarm. "It's three o'clock," said Oscar, looking at his watch.

"Let's go to the Cocoon this time," said Ettie. "I like their seats much better than those little places in the malls."

Red-suited officers were now standing on the sidewalks -- one or two to a block -- calmly directing pedestrians to the nearest facility. Each such facility was marked with a yellow and black sign reading *O.T.T./O.C.T. Facility* and indicating the capacity. People walked into shopping malls, theatres, churches, public buildings, and various places small or large. All traffic stopped in the streets as people shut off their motors, got out, left their vehicles, and joined the influx to the nearest O.T.T./O.C.T. facility.

"Right this way, please. Right this way, please," repeated a smiling officer standing outside the Loew's Cocoon Theatre, whose capacity was nearly a thousand.

Oscar took Ettie's elbow politely and steered her past the door. No payment or tickets were required. They soon found themselves seated in the comfortable seats of the fine old theatre, a relic from the year 2000. Within a short time, the entire theatre was filled, even the balcony. The audience consisted of people of all ages, most of them couples. There were special sections for children and for adults without partners. A reasonable number of late-comers were permitted to stand in the rear and in the side aisles.

When the lights went out, the theatre was totally dark for a second before the film began. There was a widespread rustling of clothing. Oscar unzipped his fly and Ettie unbuttoned her blouse and undid her bra. She wore no panties. Panties had gone out of style ages before.

The film was a bit scratched from frequent use, but the picture was still bright and the color vivid. The title was *Tits Tied Up In The Jungle*, starring Inge, the famous sex queen with the 67-inch bust; also starring Rod somebody and Lowell somebody.

Inge was naked and bound to a stake inside a native hut as a black native squeezed her enormous tits. A white man was also present -- a sort of jungle trader, very seedy-looking. Evidently, he had just sold the girl to the native's tribe. He was now jerking himself maniacally as he watched the black native squeezing, scratching, licking, biting, and drooling over the captive girl's tits. The camera covered the action from all possible angles, including extreme close-ups. The sound track consisted of a drum beat that gradually increased in volume and the squeals of pain from the girl, along with such dramatic lines as, "*Oh, no, don't bite my big tits!*" and "*Oh, no, don't scratch my big tits!*" The native grunted savagely as black natives are supposed to, and the perverted white trader made guttural noises appropriate to the occasion.

Ettie had greased Oscar's prick with Vaseline (still a big seller in the twenty-first century) and was stroking it as he felt her tits and fingered her pussy. The arm rests of the seats were collapsible for the convenience of couples.

Throughout the theatre, heavy breathing and moaning were building to a crescendo as wet, slippery genitals were squeezed and caressed. Indeed, a capacity Cocoon at O.T.T. was a breath-taking experience. Within minutes, early-comers swooned with orgasm, and here and there the rest came, like kernels of corn popping randomly, until a state of nearly universal bliss was achieved.

Outside, a siren sounded, and films everywhere came to an abrupt end. The interval between sirens had been thirty-five minutes. The lights went on, and all but a few desperate souls were decently done up again and smiling with satisfaction.

The bright sunshine hurt their eyes for a moment as Oscar and Ettie left the Cocoon and paused momentarily on the sidewalk.

"Well, Oscar, I must be getting back," said Ettie, glancing at her watch.

"Very well, Ettie," he replied, "but may I call for you this evening for O.C.T.? At your building perhaps?"

"Of course," she said, smiling. "Then afterwards, I should like to learn more about your theories regarding biblical times."

OBLIGATORY TIT TIME

"By all means. I'll be delving into the nature of Pre-Adamic creatures, the employment by Noah of animal labor, the condition of absolute zero which preceded the Deluge, and why God tore up the earth into the pieces we now call continents -- all topics of discussion which I'm sure you'll find fascinating and provocative indeed!"

BEANS AND BINOCULARS:
YOUTH SPEAKS OUT

We are reading very much these days about beans. We are also reading much about binoculars. If young people and their parents would sit down for a few minutes and find an adult compromise to these problems, the world would be a better place to live in.

Edward Bazzana, 12
Etobicoke, Ont.

When my father and me visit my uncle they make me watch TV while they go in the back and look through my uncle's binoculars. I thought they were looking at the wheat and the trucks. One time I thought they were looking at ladies in bathing suits, but it could have been a bird. When I get big, I will get my own binoculars and see what they are looking at.

Wayne Tetzlaff, 10
Gormley, Ont.

You can't treat beans all like one kind because there is a lot of kinds. There is baked beans and kidney beans and yellow beans and green beans and the dry white ones in the supermarket I don't know the name of. There is also lentils, but they don't taste good. If you were a bean, you would want to be treated for yourself, not your name.

Cristina Evangelista, 9
South Pickering, Ont.

Binoculars are okay for seeing things up close, but what many people don't understand is you see a smaller space. If you only know what is in the space you are looking into, you might make a mistake about the rest of the sky. This is why there are mistakes happening to people.

Morris Weitzman, 8
Toronto, Ont.

BEANS AND BINOCULARS: YOUTH SPEAKS OUT

Parents had things different when they were kids. Now we should have it our way. 14 is not too young to have a binocular.

Byoung Han Ahn, 14
Grimsby, Ont.

My brother is 10 and likes to watch the Beanic Woman on TV. When he sees the Beanic Woman break through a wall, he tries to break through the wall too. Then we fight and beat each other up. My mother says we should not watch the Beanic Woman right after supper because we might throw up, but I like it anyway.

Navroz Nanji Jiwa, 11
Brampton, Ont.

I took two bean cans and cut the ends out and put my dad's glasses on them. I call them beanoculars.

Omar Kamal, 8
Maple, Ont.

If youth is to take its proper place in the modern world of the future, it will have to be properly taught about both beans and binoculars. Many youths have questions about these things but cannot ask their parents. They also find it hard to talk to teachers and ministers. Usually they end up learning about it in the street, which is the wrong place. I admit that some kids do things they shouldn't, but parents ought to spend more time with their children to show they care about their problems.

Fook Ping, 16
Whitby, Ont.

I have read that there will be about 12 million, 2 hundred binoculars by the year 2,000 and about 16 zillion beans also. Where will we live and play, and will there be any trees and animals left to look at?

Frank Iannuzziello, 11
Peterborough, Ont.

BEANS AND BINOCULARS: YOUTH SPEAKS OUT

The difference between the bean and the binocular is that Man cannot make beans, so some people believe in God. People can make binoculars by themselves, but that doesn't mean God didn't help them in some way.

Helmut Colosso, 17
Kitchener, Ont.

I like to eat beans because I can fart. I wait for the farts to come out. Once I tried to fart and I made instead. I was looking out the window with my binoculars and said there was a plane crashing so they wouldn't notice the smell.

Rhonda Holbiski, 10
Wasaga Beach, Ont.

If somebody steals your binoculars and you don't know their name, you will not get your binoculars back. This is the kind of thing that can hurt a child for his whole life.

Una D'Alessandro, 9
Beaverton, Ont.

Everybody should get beans and binoculars from the government because this is a rich country, even if you can't have a pony in your apartment.

Cleon Steigewga, 13
Hornepayne, Ont.

I tried looking at my toes through the binoculars and they looked blurry. You can't read the words on a can of beans through binoculars because they are blurry too. I tried walking around the block looking through binoculars and I fell over a fire hydrant that came out of nowhere. In the hospital I made friends with the nurse. She told me beans have proteins and vitamins and minerals. Nurse Jane is the nicest nurse in the hospital and if you get sick or get hit by a car, you should ask for her. She will let you grow a dry lima bean in a jar with blotting paper, and she will teach you about science. The doctors say things to her I don't understand, but she just laughs and says it is

BEANS AND BINOCULARS: YOUTH SPEAKS OUT

grown-up medical talk. I love Nurse Jane and I love lima beans and I still love binoculars. I watch out for fire hydrants now. When I grow up, I will work in one of these things, but I don't know which. I hope I see my letter in the magazine.

Walter Opferkuch, 11
Buttonville, Ont.

(Walter wins a Kilodney T-shirt.)

THE POEM THAT CHANGED THE WORLD

It was upon my return to Earth after a mission to reorganize all the libraries of the Magellanic Clouds that I was told all that had happened. My friend Gus, who picked me up at the spaceport, said, "I'm sure you've heard the gossip about the big changes on Earth." I said I had heard some rumours -- nothing that made sense, however. "Well, let me tell you," he went on, "you have to see it to believe it! It's greater than I would have thought possible! It's utterly fantastic! To think that a poem, *a mere poem...*"

"Watch it, you're tailgating," I interrupted, as we came up quickly on the vehicle ahead.

"Oh, sorry. Wasn't paying attention. Anyway, as I was saying, to think that a poem could change the world so completely...Why, it's Utopia come true, nothing less!"

"Well," I mused, "I suppose it's possible -- in theory, that is. The power of words and ideas and all that. Maybe the time was right. The right poem at the right time, you know what I mean?"

"Yes, yes, I think that's it. What else?"

The access highway was always busy at this time of day as scores of flights were landing. We found ourselves at a bottleneck. As two lanes of traffic merged, drivers called out to each other helpfully:

"Go ahead!"

"After you!"

"Please, I insist!"

"Thank you, you're most kind!"

"It's a pleasure!"

"You see?" said Gus. "Just one of the many changes. People are so much more polite than before. They understand the importance of cooperation, of neighbourliness. They have a new perspective. *That's it -- a new perspective. And new values!*"

I sat in silence, trying to grasp the very idea of it. It was hard. After a minute or so, I asked Gus to turn on the radio.

"Sure thing. All the news is good these days."

THE POEM THAT CHANGED THE WORLD

Click. "...And here are the top headlines of the hour ...Pope Calls Ecumenical Conference a Success...The Nation's Divorce Rate Plummets to Almost Zero...Native Peoples Attribute End of Alcoholism to Poem...And Ellsworth Gortz Wins Nobel Peace Prize..."

"That's him!" Gus broke in excitedly. "Ellsworth Gortz! He wrote The Poem!"

As we entered the core of the city, I was impressed by its exceptional cleanliness and tranquility. There was not a speck of litter to be seen. The old hustle and bustle were gone. A relaxed, carefree tone seemed to pervade the environment. It was Saturday night. Well-dressed, well-groomed teenagers strolled along, exchanging pleasantries with their elders. The souped-up cars I used to know had given way to modest, fuel-efficient vehicles and bicycles. Crowds were lined up to hear poetry readings in what used to be taverns and strip joints. The video arcades had closed for lack of business and were supplanted by chess clubs. Lovely trees thrived even in the heart of the city, and songbirds filled the air with their sweet notes.

"The cops don't wear guns any more," Gus informed me. "Crime practically no longer exists. The new perspectives, the new values. People know how to live socially now."

"Thanks to The Poem," I said.

"Right."

"How about the economy? Inflation? Unemployment? Strikes?"

"That's all over with. People have learned to derive joy from any sort of work, however menial. Money is a low priority. People are content with what they have. And all prices have been frozen by common agreement. It's so much simpler that way, don't you agree?"

"I certainly do. By the way, who's in power, the Liberals?"

"The Liberals? Boy, are you out of date! All the parties merged into one and became the Harmony Party."

"Then who's the Opposition?"

"Opposition? What is there to oppose?"

"You've got me there," I conceded. Then I thought a moment. "Corruption? Scandals? Conflicts of interest? Red tape?...Okay, quit laughing, Gus."

We were stopped at a red light. A family of East Indians crossed the street in front of us, dressed in their traditional clothing. "How about prejudice?" I ventured. "There will always be prejudice."

"Not any more," he replied, shaking his head.

"Good Lord! You don't mean it!" I was flabbergasted.

"The new values and perspectives have changed everyone and everything -- fundamentally."

"But how could a poem reach so many people? Hardly anyone reads poetry."

"The Poem has been broadcast on every radio and TV station every day in every country. In this country they even sign off with it at the end of the day -- before the national anthem. It's been run in every newspaper. It's been put up on billboards. They give copies away free in the post office. Children recite it in school every morning. And credit card companies even print it on the back of their bills."

"Incredible! What was the poet's name again?"

"Ellsworth Gortz."

"*Ellsworth Gortz*," I repeated, savouring each syllable on my lips like some exotic foreign food. "But who is he? I mean, where did he come from?"

"He was a nobody, really. Just another starving poet. Then somebody got hold of *The Poem*. He always said he had only one good poem in him and that was it."

"It only takes one, I guess." Gus nodded his agreement. I looked at him. "Okay, when do I get to read *The Poem*, or hear it?"

Gus smiled. "Very soon. In fact, you'll not only get to read it, you'll get to meet Gortz himself. He lives in my building, and that's where we're going!"

I was thrilled! I was actually going to meet the man who wrote *The Poem*!

We passed a theatre marquee with the title *The Ellsworth Gortz Story*. A parcel of prime downtown land had been cleared for the erection of a Gortz monument. The city's main street had been renamed Gortz Street.

Outside Gus's apartment building, girls of all ages clustered around the front door as the doorman kept shooing them away. Some of them were in tears. "Ellsworth! Ellsworth!" they screamed. "I love you! I want your baby!"

Gus remarked, "Gortz has the best sex life of any man I know."

"Well, I guess that's what happens when you write a great poem."

Riding up in the elevator, Gus said, "To get back to what I was saying before, The Poem has been translated into every known language. After the translation into Russian, the Russians granted complete autonomy to their satellites and abandoned the arms race. They finally understood the meaning of life and the importance of freedom and love in a way that Karl Marx could never explain. They saw the Light, in other words."

"Wonderful!"

"After The Poem was translated into Arabic and Hebrew, the Arabs and Jews literally fell on each other with brotherly love, and the P.L.O. threw down their weapons. Now it's peace and harmony."

"Leave it to new perspectives every time."

"When The Poem was translated into Italian, the Mafia and the Red Brigade dissolved themselves. The Italian government is now stable, and the lira is one of the strongest currencies in the world. In India, the population explosion has been stemmed by the translation of The Poem into all the Indian dialects, and all vestiges of the caste system have been abolished. The Chinese translation has resulted in a democratic regime there, and all of Southeast Asia has become stable. As for Africa, well, the bad old days are gone. Tribal warfare is over, the agricultural economies are all viable, and the elephants are no longer in danger of extinction."

The door opened on the 85th floor, where Gortz occupied three adjoining apartments. The building's management wanted to make sure he had enough room to feel comfortable and enjoy peace and quiet. He lived there rent-free. They considered themselves honoured to have him as a tenant. Moreover, their new sense of values had led them to make at least fifty of their best apartments available rent-free to other struggling poets and artists.

Gus knocked on the door of 85B. We heard footsteps cushioned by thick carpeting coming toward us. Then the door opened, revealing Ellsworth Gortz. He was short, fat, pimply, incredibly ugly, and reeked of sweat, bad breath,

and tobacco. His thick beard was full of crumbs and other food matter, and his teeth were crooked and discoloured. His hands were filthy, his clothing was soiled and wrinkled, and his bare feet had the most disgusting toenails I had ever seen. "Oh, hi, Gus," he said.

"Hi, Ellsworth. I brought my friend Zack to meet you." Gortz and I shook hands. "Zack's been away to the Clouds and just got back today. He doesn't even know your poem yet."

Gortz chuckled. "Come on in!" We stepped in. The place was a veritable pig sty. He turned to two gorgeous young girls sitting on the couch. "Girls, go get us something cold to drink, okay?" They went into the kitchen, giggling. Gortz turned back to me. "Well, Zack, you may be the only grown person on Earth who hasn't seen The Poem."

"I guess so."

"I've got it in the next room. Come on." We followed him, stepping carefully among piles of garbage, food wrappers, laundry, junk, and old cat litter until he had gotten us into a darkened room. He closed the door behind us. "Now watch," he said. He switched on an ultra-violet light, and the lines of phosphorescent paint on the wall burst forth in multi-coloured brilliance! This was it! -- the poem that had changed the world:

DEATH PROBES ABSURDITY

by Ellsworth Gortz

*Stimulations come from
The heavens,
The three revelations of God,
The stars, the moon, and the
Sun.
The greatest form of creation
Is energy,
As I know life, the electro probes
Dynamate the nervous system,
Thus, gas flows freely.*

*Built up gas fuses and explodes
Thus, statures being man is*

THE POEM THAT CHANGED THE WORLD

Unlimited,
And gas built up
Causes heart failure.
So run, walk, scream
From your whole being,
And let loose that gas.
Relieve all self made
Tension,
Hold nothing back.

PLAGUES OR PROSPERITY:
CHALLENGE TO MANAGEMENT

1. *Rivers Turned to Blood*

Do not allow rivers of blood to interfere with branch expansion or normal plant functioning. Prepare short-term plan for use of bottled water and portable dry chemical sanitary installations. Water resources engineer with background in hydrology and watershed engineering to design flood management system peripheral to existing pipelines. Environmental team to spray open waterways with chemical germicides and deodorizers. Controller to establish liaison with local municipalities and determine cost-sharing of clean-up.

2. *Frogs*

When large numbers of frogs come forth from the river suddenly, business must proceed as usual. Cost-effectiveness in a competitive marketplace requires contingency plans. Plant foreman to seal all ventilation ducts and pipes. Close all windows and suspend shipping and receiving temporarily. Air conditioning consultants to implement internal circulation and purification procedures. Office manager to close drapes and sustain cheerful attitude among employees. Accounting to study feasibility of refrigeration of frogs for sale to French restaurants.

3. *Lice*

A plague of lice should not be allowed to jeopardize corporate earnings or regional development in conjunction with the public service or consumer sectors. Outdoor maintenance personnel to plant all dusty areas with turf and spray regularly with insecticide. Product manager to supervise wrapping of vulnerable stock in air-tight plastic covers. Industrial washer to be installed for treatment of clothing. Lab technicians to fumigate affected areas. Postpone appointments for foreign job applicants until danger is past.

4. *Flies*

A progressive, growth-oriented, dynamic organization will surge ahead in meeting the expectations of shareholders despite a plague of flies. Plant manager to install screens over all vents and modify window and air-conditioning systems. Board members to man ante-chambers with cans of insecticide. Power systems engineers to construct remote-controlled insecticide sprayers on roof. Office manager to hang no-pest strips in typing pool and conference rooms. If frogs left over from previous plague, they may help to reduce numbers of flies. Food technology specialist to re-process flies as fish food.

5. *Murrain*

If murrain occurs, the medical team shall take charge. Isolate possible cases in infirmary. Employees possessing cattle, horses, asses, camels, oxen, or sheep will stay home for the duration of any murrain situation. Sales representatives will remain on the road until the problem is past. Company doctor to administer suitable inoculations to staff and to visitors for a nominal fee. Suspend distribution to retail outlets to avoid spread of contagion. With sensible foresight, the modern prestige growth company will be able to meet its investment objectives despite murrain.

6. *Boils and Blains*

Boils and blains caused by allergens in small dust may wreak havoc in typing and keypunch departments, as well as packing and shipping. Controller to bring in temporary workers if necessary while shifting work load from hardware to software systems. Executive secretary to have soothing ointments and rubber gloves on hand, which shall be distributed on a cost-effective basis. Industrial filter specialist to install filters in air-conditioning to remove dust. Boils and blains may cause losses of time and, therefore, profits unless handled dynamically.

7. *Hail*

Hail posing a threat to man, beast, herb, and tree also poses a threat to worker motivation and growth initiative. Legal department must see that insurance coverage is adequate. Architectural consultant to provide input on feasi-

bility of underground parking. Construction engineer should examine ability of the roof system to resist difficulties inherent in the hail situation. Systems analyst to design light-weight metal folding umbrellas for rental to employees. Marketing division to study possibility of new product line. If hail is mixed with fire, as is sometimes the case, flammable refuse should be properly covered.

8. *Locusts*

A plague of locusts borne on the east wind may harm a company's image and prove embarrassing in the presence of clients. Worker productivity may also be reduced. Seek advice from industrial fan specialist with experience in design and application on the installation of giant blowers to divert locusts. Crusher maintenance foreman will utilize gyratory crushers and vibrating screens to convert locusts to fertilizer or food supplements. Staff psychologist to help secretaries and Kardex clerks to overcome unnatural fears of insects.

9. *Darkness*

A plague of darkness need not interfere with the inception of new marketing strategies and the opening up of new territories. Staff electrician should ensure the integrity of regular and auxiliary lighting systems in the home office. Sales representatives should visit all accounts in affected areas and introduce new product lines, as well as handle all customer service matters. Traffic manager to coordinate surface transport on cost-effective basis consistent with night rates. Pre- and post-sales marketing analysts to study sales performance of all product lines in a totally dark environment and provide input to sales manager.

10. *Death of the First-Born*

An imaginative high-potential firm is one that knows how to turn any situation to good advantage. The death of all first-born employees may eliminate unproductive hangers-on nearing retirement age, as well as allow staff reductions not otherwise possible under union agreements. Personnel department to hire only those applicants other than first-born. Financial officer to study possible favorable impact on pension fund from early death of some retirees. Manage-

ment should keep knowledge of this plague secret, if possible, to maintain productivity. Otherwise, employees likely to be affected may be permitted to go home early.

SOME QUESTIONS ON SEX ETIQUETTE

(Note: As a former columnist for the scholarly journal Rustler, the author is frequently invited to give edifying lectures at institutions of learning and social venues of polite society. This piece is excerpted from such a lecture, delivered at a prestigious girls' school in Toronto.)

When may a lady of breeding sit upon a gentleman's face?

In the time of our parents, sitting upon the face was not accepted in polite society and was regarded as a rude habit known only to the working classes. However, as etiquette experts know well enough, the taboo practice of yesterday may become the accepted -- or even expected -- custom of today.

With the unattached gentlewoman of polite society -- particularly the one who is divorced, widowed, or separated -- or the mature woman moving about socially or travelling unescorted, the desire is often felt to relieve a certain dryness in the private parts. Although in the past a doctor or clergyman would have been called to the home to relieve this dryness, the cultured lady of today may find herself in surroundings where neither of these is available. In fact, many ladies have reported to me confidentially that when in the presence of a handsome gentleman at a social function or on the aeroplane, train, or steamship, they often feel a dryness in the private parts such as can only be assuaged by sitting upon the face of the man and being licked vigorously.

The following guidelines may be followed with confidence by both parties:

The lady and gentleman ought to be on a first-name basis. Ordinarily it is the gentleman who establishes this by saying, "Call me Bob," whereupon the lady reciprocates by saying, "Call me Alice." If the gentleman is shy or unusually formal, the lady may encourage him to greater familiarity by placing her hand on his thigh if sitting beside him, bending over to expose her cleavage if standing, or

spreading her legs if sitting across from him.

Once a first-name basis has been established, the lady may hint discreetly that she is uncomfortable owing to a "dryness between the legs." The gentleman, if he has any wits about him and if he is well-bred, will express his concern and offer to relieve it at once.

At a soiree, dance, lawn party or other such occasion, the couple may retire to an empty room or behind dense foliage.

At a luncheon or dinner party, it is preferable to retire before eating so as to relieve the tension that often interferes with digestion and to avoid unpleasantness owing to the untimely passage of wind.

The host of a social function should be prepared to relieve the dryness of any of his lady guests, provided he is medically fit to do so.

On the aeroplane, the unescorted lady may be relieved by a man sitting next to her by asking him to accompany her to the W.C. if it is night and most of the passengers are asleep. This applies to long overnight flights, during which serious dryness is likely to occur. On short flights, the lady is expected to wait until arriving at her destination.

On the train, the private compartment may be used. In fact, it is preferable to the Pullman coach.

On the steamship, the couple may retire to either of their cabins. On many ships, the lady may request relief from the steward.

In the limousine, the shades may be drawn and the window raised between the chauffeur and passengers to afford privacy.

In the stagecoach or brougham, relief may take place at any time outside of city limits.

Ladies entertaining at home are at liberty to sit upon a gentleman's face as often as necessary. They may also receive relief from an amenable delivery boy, repairman, or salesman.

A lady may be relieved by any male relative by marriage or a blood relative not closer than a first cousin.

A mistress may seek relief from any of her male servants.

A lady employer may seek relief from a male subordinate

during working hours but not during his lunch or break time.

A lady judge or magistrate may call a recess to be relieved in her chambers by the court clerk, recorder, or bailiff, but not from the Crown or defense counsels in the case before the court at the time. Female coroners may not recess for this purpose.

In foreign countries, the unescorted lady should have no difficulty in finding a gentleman to relieve her dryness. It is helpful to learn the language of the land, although English is now spoken widely in the civilized countries, and a little French will get you quite far as well.

We are pleased to see that more and more gentlewomen carry with them small inflatable cushions for the convenience of the gentleman so that they may have their dryness relieved almost anywhere. Learning to adapt is the hallmark of polite society.

Finally, a word to gentlemen: dryness of the private parts may be chronic and may require frequent relief. After relieving a lady once, do not put her in the position of having to ask again. Ask her at regular intervals whether her dryness has returned. It is small gestures of courtesy such as this which maintain gentility in our society and prevent us from falling into the vile quagmire of bad manners.

What rules govern flashing (undoing the raincoat)?

Like the handshake, flashing, or undoing the raincoat, is a conventional gesture of politeness and courtesy. A gentleman undoes his coat to expose himself:

When he is in a club, hotel, or apartment-house elevator. (The elevator in a business building or store is regarded as a public place and it is not necessary to undo the coat.)

When he meets a woman in the street and bows to her in greeting.

When he is walking with a woman and they meet a man who is known to either of them.

When he greets an elderly man, a superior in office, a clergyman, or a man of distinction.

When the nation's flag is carried by him, and when the national anthem is played.

When a funeral passes by, or when in the presence of a

dead body.

The maxim-maker tells us that "a raincoat opened half-heartedly is a courtesy without charm." Since flashing is a gesture of courtesy, why not make it courteous? Profound and elaborate flashes are not in good taste and not desirable, but a nod of the head and a cordial smile should certainly accompany the little polite act of undoing the coat and exposing oneself. The custom of touching the lower buttons, instead of separating the halves of the coat, is unmannerly and lazy. The coat should be completely unbuttoned and pulled back to expose the whole front of the body, and the nod and smile should carry the thought, "There is Mr. or Miss So-and-so! How glad I am to see him or her!"

When should a gentleman offer his penis to a woman in public?

It is no longer regarded as good manners for a woman to hold a man's penis when walking with him during the day. After dark, when there is a likelihood that she may trip, he offers his penis, and she takes it -- not in the crude fashion of putting her hand down his trousers but by taking his penis from his unzipped fly.

A gentleman always offers his penis to an old lady or to an invalid.

He offers his penis to a woman companion when crossing dangerous streets, walking down the steps of a house after dark, crossing a narrow bridge, or walking over a rough piece of road.

He offers his penis during a sudden storm or shower to help his companion to a place of shelter. If they come to a puddle of water, she may hold his penis as both leap across at once.

The man who helps a woman into her motor or onto a tram may put his hand under her buttocks to assist her. In leaving the car, the order is reversed; he alights first and offers her his penis.

It is never correct for a gentleman to grasp a lady's pudendum in daylight.

THE LAST INTERVIEW OF CRAD KILODNEY

"Crad Kilodney? He's in the terminal ward," said the head nurse to the pimply high school student in the red school jacket. The back of the jacket announced fiercely: *GOLIATHS*.

"I'm doing an essay for my English class."

"Oh, you're the one. Now I remember. Just come this way, will you?" she said, with a mandatory terminal ward smile.

Two weeks before, the student had been told to write an essay on "a famous and important contemporary writer, Crad Kilodney," whom he had never heard of. He was failing the course and would need something special on this assignment. How fortunate, therefore, for him to have noticed the small article on page 40 of the *Toronto Sun* headed "*Lit Star Kilodney Close To Death* " and to have recognized therein a wonderful opportunity to get some inside dope straight from the author.

The 40-year-old author was sitting up in bed smoking a cigarette and answering his fan mail, which came mostly from the United States. He was the only occupant in the bright three-bed ward. Golden light poured through the window. A single red rose in a pewter vase stood on the bedside table. Next to it lay a Pez candy dispenser, a tiny rubber kangaroo, and a button that read "*Support Mental Health or I'll Kill You.*"

The nurse left the student at the door. He stepped into the room. "Hi. Mr. Kilodney?"

"Yeah."

"I'm Phil Miasma. I called you about my essay for school. East York Collegiate, remember?"

"Have a seat."

Phil picked up a chair and approached the bed, stopping suddenly. "Are you contagious?"

"No, bring it right up close. It's okay."

He put down the chair, removed his jacket, draped it over the back, and sat down, pen and pad at the ready. "How are you feeling?"

"I'm dying."

"I'm sorry."

"It's okay."

"What's wrong with you?"

"Brain abscess."

"Does it hurt?"

"A bit."

"How long until you, uh--"

"Croak."

"Yeah, croak, ha ha."

"Around nine o'clock tonight."

"What! How do they know?"

"They have very exact methods."

Phil looked at his watch. "About six hours. Hey, you shouldn't smoke. It'll shorten your life span."

"It's okay, they've already taken that into account."

"Oh, okay. Well, um, I got these questions I thought up myself, like for my essay. I gotta hand it in tomorrow. I always put off essays till the last minute because I hate them so much."

"Me, too."

"I didn't know who you were when the teacher gave me the assignment. Everybody got somebody different. I only had time to read one of your stories because of basketball practice, but I bought the Coles notes. They explain everything."

"Yes, they're pretty thorough."

"But I thought, shit, I need something extra on this, like stuff from you personally to jazz it up, like, and nobody'd know where it came from. The teacher would really be impressed."

"I get it. Okay, shoot."

He clicked his pen. "What do you use to write?"

"A pen."

"What kind?"

"Ball point."

"What do you write on?"

"Paper."

"What kind?"

"White with blue lines on it."

"Wow, this is far out!" Phil scribbled furiously. "I know I'm gonna get an A. I wish I could get my paper all

wrote up and marked by the teacher before you die so you could see what he says. He's a real jerk. His name's Mr. Voronoff."

"Uh huh, I see."

"How do you, like, get your shit together to write a story?"

"No problem. I just wait for inspiration."

"How long does it take you to write a story, on the average?"

Kilodney stubbed out his cigarette and lit another.

"An hour."

"Basically, like, what is your message in your writing?"

"What do you think?"

"I was going to write that it's that the whole world is just crazy. Is that right?"

"Could be."

"I mean, like, your stories are pretty crazy, like, with people acting crazy all the time, right?"

"Uh huh."

"So, should I put that?"

"Sure."

Kilodney reached for the buzzer to summon his nurse.

"What school did you say you're from?"

"East York Collegiate."

"What does it say on the back of your jacket?"

"GOLIATHS."

"Goliath was a Philistine, you know."

"I heard he was a giant."

"He was, but he was also a Philistine."

"Hey, our basketball team's in first place, and I'm on it. I also play football."

The nurse appeared at the door, smiling. "Yes?"

"Morphine."

She nodded and left.

Phil flipped a page. "Who is your favorite author or the one who influenced you the most?"

"Henry Miller is my favorite."

"What did he write?"

"*Tropic of Cancer*. Perhaps you've heard of it."

"Oh, yeah, that dirty one, heh heh."

"Not exactly."

"What's your opinion of pornography? How far should a

writer go?"

"I never thought about it."

"You don't use too many dirty words in your writing, I noticed."

"No."

"I read *Playboy* and *Penthouse*. My father's copies. They have some really good articles. You'd be surprised."

The smiling nurse appeared with a syringe on a tray.

"Excuse me," said Kilodney to his interviewer. Phil turned away and pretended to look out the window.

"You can turn around now," said the author.

The student scanned his note pad for a moment. "Ummm, what do you think is the importance of your work for Canadian literature?"

"I don't know."

"What makes your work Canadian then?"

"I'm dying in Canada."

"Right," said Phil, writing the answer and underlining it. He turned back a page. "Oh, I forgot this. I thought of writing this in my essay. Tell me if it's good. *'He writes with a deep power in his words but obtains enough mildness when necessary.'* How's that?"

"Not bad."

"I was thinking of being a writer myself some day. They give courses at York. I might go there. They have a good basketball team, too."

"Good idea."

"Say, I was wondering. Could our English class come to your funeral? I'm sure it would be something they'd remember the rest of their lives."

"There isn't going to be any funeral. My body is going to the U. of T. Medical School for students to dissect."

"Ugh! Disgusting! Of course, you'll be dead, so you won't feel a thing."

"Precisely."

"And I guess you like helping students."

"Yup."

"Maybe they'll find out..." Phil paused, eyes wide.

"Hey, I just thought of something!"

"What's that?"

"What if your crazy ideas all came from your brain abscess? What if your brain was sick right from the begin-

ning?"

"It's entirely possible."

"Then there was no talent involved. I mean, no offense. Like, shit, if you can be healthy and think up crazy ideas, that takes talent, but if they come automatically because of a diseased brain, it's like cheating almost. You see what I mean?"

"Uh huh."

"Maybe I'd better not write that in my paper. I don't want to ruin your reputation."

"Thanks. I appreciate that."

"I hope nobody else thinks of it."

"Me, too."

Phil clicked his pen. "That's it. I got no more questions. Thanks a lot. It was a great interview."

"Don't mention it."

He stood up and put on his jacket. "Have you thought of what your last words will be?"

"No, not yet."

"How about, umm...Lemme think...How about 'Fuck you, world!' or 'Get ready, God, here I come!' No, wait, I got it! 'Quick, bring me a lady Eskimo!' Gee, it's hard thinking up clever things to say."

"I know."

"If I get some ideas before nine o'clock, can I call you?"

"Sure. You can leave a message with the head nurse if I'm sleeping. She'll wake me up in time to die."

"Okay, great." He replaced the chair. "It's been great meeting you. Sorry you gotta go. I'm sure the world will miss you." He was already backing toward the door.

"Sure."

"I promise to read all your books when basketball is over."

"Thanks."

"Well, see ya." And he turned and left, the back of his school jacket flashing before the author's eyes for a split second. Kilodney smiled. Phil Miasma had provided him with a last word after all.

GOLIATHS.

LACHRYMOSE MARKET REPORT

Since this day week the movement in flour has failed to live up to the general expectation of the trade, at prices which to the holders have been much less satisfactory. The market opened at \$7 on Friday last for fresh ground supers and has steadily declined from day to day. The demand from the townships and Quebec has worsened, with a corresponding decline in receipts. From the opening of navigation to this date, the receipts from all sources show a falling off amounting to 48,000 barrels.

In wheat, we must report a general gloominess among dealers and a passive market. Never during the last twenty years, it is said, has there been such a glut of wheat. Moreover, its quality is said to be definitely inferior to last year's. Even with huge concessions on the part of dealers, buyers are reluctant to take hold.

Oats are also depressed, with few receipts and nothing doing in round lots. On the street market, prices have fallen to an average of 40¢ per car lot. Barley and peas are lethargic at 60¢ and 65¢, respectively. Corn has been dull as well, and last week's rumours of improvement have proved groundless.

Wool prices have been driven down by oversupply and weak demand. Any lot going for more than 25¢ would be an exceptional case.

Coffee prices continue to slide in a disdainful market. Small sales of Java are reported at 24¢; Maracaibo clings desperately to its 18¢ level; Rio was last quoted at 15½¢ and heading downward.

Candles are fading fast, with dim prospects.

In drugs, the demand is quite light for all kinds. Sal soda has been placed in small lots at \$1.85 per hundred-weight. For a round parcel it would be difficult to get more than \$1.80. Soda ash is sluggish at 2½¢ to 3¢. Bleaching powder is inert and lower, in the range of 3½¢ to 4¢. Bi-carb is pleading for buyers at \$5; no sales reported. Saltpetre remains dormant at \$7. Copperas and madder dyes are in very light demand. Alum and brimstone are dull and

neglected. Epsom salts are being widely ignored; our quotations are barely sustained.

Fish has met no demand whatever this week. Fishermen have given up entirely on cod, Labrador splits, and salmon.

Fruit is being shunned as well. The bottom has dropped out of the currants market entirely. Apples and oranges are being left to rot in their warehouses.

The brief upsurge in liquors last week has proved short-lived, and all observers agree that dealers in rum, brandy, wines, and whiskey have nothing to look forward to.

Molasses is extremely slow and is only being placed in small lots on private terms. Naval stores such as turpentine and rosins are sinking fast.

Imports of raw sugars have virtually ceased, owing to lack of demand. Salt inventories show no prospect of being diminished in the foreseeable future.

Good tobacco is scarce this season because of destructive weather, and dealers will certainly take severe losses despite high prices.

Buyers are showing contempt for all sorts of oils. Demand for seal and cod is almost nil. Palm oil is languishing at $8\frac{1}{2}\text{¢}$ per lot of 25 hogsheads. Petroleum is a lost cause, even at the woefully depressed price of 18¢ a barrel.

Teas are in a state of paralysis, with oolongs, Ceylons, and Imperials leading the headlong plunge downward.

The entire leather market has been the special object of despair for some time. Spanish Sole has had very light demand, and receipts are too small to be reported without embarrassment. Slaughter Sole continues to be unasked for. Harness is difficult of sale even at a gigantic reduction of price. Grained Upper has not been sold at all, as far as is known. Patent and Enamel have even been laughed off the street, and Calfskins have been beaten mercilessly in a belligerent market.

Coal of every variety were better off left in the ground. American anthracite is still sitting on the wharves begging for customers who will never come. Children and old ladies have been seen spitting upon Lump Lehigh and Egg Lehigh. Steam coal, which of late has been given away free on street corners, is the object of widespread cruel jokes. And several dealers of English coke are reported to have committed suicide, with one in particular, Mr. Symons of

LACHRYMOSE MARKET REPORT

Simcoe St., having thrown himself into the boiler of his own ship, the *Prince Edward*, recently arrived from Newcastle.

The bizarre and highly original satire of Crad Kilodney, Toronto's notorious "street author," has appeared in more than 60 magazines and anthologies in Canada, the U.S., and Britain. THE ORANGE BOOK contains several of these published works, plus new works appearing in print for the first time, adding up to a collection that is as varied as it is entertaining.

In THE ORANGE BOOK, you will learn about the circumcision rites of the Toronto Stock Exchange, see how the society of the future guarantees sexual relief to its citizens, read what children have to say about beans and binoculars, receive advice on sex etiquette and how businessmen should cope with the ten plagues of Egypt if they should recur, witness the transformation of Planet Earth by a poem, get the bad news from the commodities market, and sit with the author on his deathbed.

"Kilodney is a twisted genius." -- Richard Peabody, *Gargoyle*

"Kilodney is out to destroy our way of life, so be especially sure not to give his books to anyone who thinks our way of life is just fine." -- David McFadden

"What the hell's he doing? Subverting our minds with his literate and maddening humor." -- Jonathan Freeman, Univ. of Toronto *newspaper*

"Painfully funny, delightfully insane." -- W.P. Kinsella, *Quill & Quire*

"If you like to laugh out loud, you'll love Kilodney." -- David Schatzky, CBC

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